

PRIMA DONNA'S JEALOUSY.

A Detective's Experience.

"I shall never forget," said Mr. F.—"the circumstance that occurred here in the winter of 185—. It was illustrative in most immeasurable degree of that element in a woman's character, the coyness.

"One night Mr. I.—and myself were on duty in the office, solacing ourselves, after a hard day's work, with cigars and an occasional sip of brandy, when the door opened, and announced a lady, who, without waiting for an introduction, came behind him, and the announcement was hardly made when she stood before us.

"The lady, evidently. There was no mistaking the haughty carriage, the dignified, imposing manner. 'A heavy veil,' she said, 'has obscured her features; but I intuitively that the woman was beautiful. There was that indescribable

"But about her which every woman
of beauty invariably possesses,
I know this, even before her voice
was heard, that she was sure to
beget into mistake its accents now.
"You are Madam H—?" "I said,
being her a scot.
"You know me, then?" She started
as she spoke, and I detected a
glint in her voice.
"That is not surprising, madam, since
I so often heard your voice."
"You have betrayed me, but I
trust your services and should have been
willing to disclose my name any way.
"Excellent memory, sir, has saved
me necessity."
"I bowed in acquiescence, and she then
began to tell me that she had that
noon received intelligence, which
demanded reliance, that a pilot had been
seen in the act of sailing from
London, perhaps to take her life."

were the prime donne in the city. Our visitor, a lady of remarkable beauty, and whose voice, the sweetest, musical I had ever heard, possessed a softness and tone that made her the wedged favorite of our people. She had excited the animosity of Miss W., who, in her own conceit, felt that she had enjoyed the distinction of a wife, now being rapidly withdrawn by fate. She was a daring, vindictive woman, who for this indulged an animosity which could only be appeased in the action of the woman who had destroyed her of the ambition in which she lived. Almost as beautiful as Matilda, she shared her triumphs would be so assured. To strike this petted down and at the same time gratify that which burned in her heart, now and every sleeping and waking

to accomplish this, Madame de Belin had been told that a conspiracy had been planned, and that if her services were required, she would be sent to other facts, not necessarily to detail, but which convinced us of the truth of the information the lady received. Having done this she returned and left Mr. I.— and myself to it.

It is needless to say that the next morning we both at the opera. The dress and fashion of the city had assembled to hear Bellini's grand opera of Norma, in which Mme. H.— appeared as Norma, and Miss B.— represented the priestess Adalgisa. Never, perhaps, were the passionate sorrows of the heroine more fully represented than in a wild terror in Norma's eye, and by genius—a fierce despair in Adalgisa, not born of the love of her girlhood's hopes; their

communists had an antagonism in which appeared to the audience as though had mingled to her soothing words, and she had been so absorbed by her lover's fidelity. I knew it all and knew what it meant, impression was more deeply control when Adalgisa rose from her seat with a cry—meant as a wall of fire, but which breathed an exultant and fled from the presence of her lover. Her personation was the real Adalgisa, the business of business, the analysis of an enthusiast. My heart felt a chill of despair. I noted that wild look of the jealous woman, and marked the thrill of the woman's voice. Intuitively I felt that our in which she would seek to achieve her revenge was drawing near. From the curtain, the two, the man and my friend were at the door, and the two prime donors

the carriage which Miss B—— occupied. I noticed a strange-looking man, not at all disguised; but, as the light of my lamp flashed on him, I saw a deep red stain on the back of his left hand. He was a Frenchman, the owner of a fashionable restaurant, to which the aristocracy of the opera usually retired for a night. I saw the whole arrangement. I brushed me like a gleam of light, and I determined not to lose sight of the prima donna that evening, come what might. That they were going to the restaurant, I knew full well, but I could be there, too. It was a variable custom from which they were never varied. Driving rapidly to the place, therefore, we were comfortably seated in the ladies' ordinary, when Miss B—— came in. I saw at once that Miss B——'s eye a restless, scarcely

Madam H— she was unusually
I saw the state of unfeigned
of that lady, when her rival almost
belmed her with the unexpected
ilments on her success. Ingenuous
suspecting, she accepted them as
nest, and, when invited to take a
of wine, she—
B—rang the bell, and the pro-
entered herself with the wine.
is moment the suppressed excite-
of Miss B— was intense. Her
trembled as she toyed with her
and the pupils of her great black
contracted and mingled with
she thought. The wine was
into the glass, and, as Madam
was raising it to her lips, I stepped
her chair and took it from her
The lady looked surprised, the
donna, with a scream of terror

ing to the floor, while the professor, with a bound like a wounded animal, sprang forward to dash the glass. But he never reached me; the stern command of Mr. I—— stopped him, and his presented pistol reduced the refractory Frenchman to obedience, as wine was poisoned.

The generosity of Madam H—— prevented any exposure of the sinning but ignorant woman, and you will have compassion to what she has ever been ready to do for the prima donna's misery.

Tobacco.

The governments of Europe generally protect the tobacco business as a monopoly. As our readers are aware, the foreigner made lately of the Italian tobacco loan, perhaps it would be interesting to many of them to understand the particulars of the subject. The follo-

will illustrate the mode by which the capitalists in Italy and France seek to turn that Italian monopoly to their own advantage. In his letters says that the French believe that, when the political situation of the continent becomes calmer, maritime and commercial development of Italy will, in all probability, be considerable, every possibility of making investments in Italy has been carefully examined by the French, and, whether great and small, and, if found serious, is warmly supported. At the present moment the attention of the official world in Paris is turned to the approaching issue of a loan Italy is about to secure on security of the tobacco monopoly, which in that country, as we have seen, is in possession of a virtual monopoly. It is to be £80,000,000 francs, or £20,000,000, and a society of capitalists, the principal of whom are the Messageries

of Paris, London and Frankfurt undertaken to raise it. As security for their advance, the Italian Government has turned over to them the Sella's monopoly for fifteen years. The period for the loan is to be reimbursed by the State for the present year with £2,700,000 in the gross, and £1,000,000 net. But it is easy to effect very important savings in the management of the monopoly, and, of course, they will be made. The capitalists referred to have formed a company, with a capital of 100 shares of £100 each, and have subscribed themselves, and they have, in addition to it, to issue 475 obligations of the nominal value of £100 each, at a discount of 10 per cent, and interest at six per cent., to cover the sum necessary for the loan and for making the monopoly. The price of the obligations will be issued at 85 p. 100.—that is £128, below the nominal value. The obligations are to be issued in 1888.

Italian Government is to share the profits of the monopoly above a certain amount, but the part in which it has no share will be amply sufficient to pay for the interest on and redemption of the obligations. It is probable, our Paris letter says, that the advantages presented by this plan are considerable, and as the security unquestionably safe, the subscription to the obligations will be very large. Indeed, of all the Italian *emprunt* presented of late years to the public, this seems to the French the safest and most profitable.

— An immense undertaking, that of which is estimated at about 100,000,000 francs, and fifty millions of francs, is under consideration in France. It is called the "Maritime Canal of the Adriatic," and is to extend from Adria

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J. L. DAVIS.

